

THE
Session of the Critics:
OR, THE
CONTENTION
FOR THE
NETTLE.
A
POEM.

To which is added,

A DIALOGUE between a PLAYER and a POET.
With NOTES, Explanatory and Critical, after the Manner of
the Learned Dr. BENTLEY.

With the following MISCELLANIES, viz.

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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| I. On a Thanksgiving, which happened
just before Lent. By Dean Swift. | VIII. On a certain Arch in <i>Oxfordshire</i> . |
| II. Rules and Directions for Behaviour at
<i>Bath</i> . | IX. Verses stuck on the Gate of <i>Jesus Col-
lege, Oxford</i> , with a Piece of Cheese. |
| III. The Art of thriving at <i>Bath</i> . | X. The Receipt. |
| IV. Battle-Royal, reviv'd. A Ballad. Oc-
casioned by Religious Controversy. | XI. On <i>Phyllis</i> . |
| V. Verses laid on Sir <i>Cloudestly Shovel's</i>
Tomb, &c. | XII. Have you not in a Chimney seen,
&c. Translated. |
| VI. On <i>Tate</i> and <i>Brady's</i> Psalms. | XIII. The Resolution. |
| VII. On a Person's pronouncing the Syllable
<i>Pbra</i> , in <i>Euphrates</i> , short. | XIV. A Conflict on Business. |
| | XV. The Button Hole. A Riddle. |
| | XVI. A Mad Song. |

L O N D O N:

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T H E

Session of the Critics :

O R, T H E

Contention for the NETTLE.

LD *Zoilus*, the fourest Dame *Critice* bore,
 The pedantic dull Spawn of a *Billinggate* Whore,
 Was now by his Mother deputed to settle,
 Who shou'd have the long scolded for Chaplet, the *Nettle*.
 Down he flew to *Trim. Col.* and the Library sought,
 To be near his own *Bent—y* was ever his Thought;
 With a Snarl of Disdain left the Chapel behind him;
 For that was a Place, where he least hop'd to find him.
 With his Chaps full of *Wormwood* he mounted the Throne,
 A *Worm-eaten Parchment* illegible grown,
 A tough Crab-tree Cudgel for a Sceptre he waves,
 And hollows, *Heus ! horsum adeste*, ye Slaves.

Bent—y

Bent—y first was expected, but did not appear;
 For he order'd his Delegate, *F—g*, to declare,
 That to work up *D—n H—e* was his present Employ,
 And vow'd he'd ne'er mix with the Scrubs *or πολλοί*.

From his Garret, where long he had rusted, came down
T—y T—y cock-sure, that the Prize was his own,
 Crying, *Z—ds!* where's this *Bent—y*? I'll give him no Quarter;
 And hall'd out the Preface of his fam'd *Justin Martyr*.

His Disciples came next; *C—b*, scar'd at the Sight,
 As he thought of *T—m Trist—m*, ran away in a Fright.
 An Embrio *Claudian* was *J—n's* Pretence,
 Which was render'd abortive for Want of the Pence.
 The Cenfor view'd *Toby* with a Smile of Applause,
 And was almost inclin'd to have granted his Cause;
 But bade him retire to his snarling Vocation,
 He'd ensure him the *Nettle* for the next *Dedication*:
 But as for Friend *J—n*, he only was fit
 To coax his Præceptor, and cry up his Wit;
 And, since *C—b* to publish was not very forward,
 Let him drink his Subscriptions with *R—f—t* and *N—rd*.

With his Guts and his Rustics in roll'd *J—y N—m*,
 And roar'd for the Prize, but the Judge wou'd not heed him;
 With *dry* Thinking, old Fumbler, ne'er trouble thy Brains,
 Go sponge with thy Ninnies of *B—n—ts* and *Q—n's*.

The M——r of Q——n's, with his Coach full of Tally,
 Came into the Court, and endeavour'd to bally,
 Crying, I've no Occasion to preach up my Merit,
 I'm a hopeful young Lad, you have Bent——y's Word for it.
 Friend J——n, quoth the Judge, Thou'st no Share in the Matter,
 To much Dullness a Critic shoud' add some Ill-Nature;
 In thy Tail and thy Notes We like Impotence find,
 For an Husband, or Critic Thou ne'er wast design'd.


T——m Bent——y next bustled to prefer his Petition,
 But was jostled aside by the St——mf——d Physician;
 In his Hand he the Text of *Euripides* brought,
 Piping-hot from the Press, but the Notes were forgot.
 The Court humbly begg'd he'd not trouble their Patience,
Paracellus and *Zoilus* were never Relations:
 So off brush'd the Q——k to his Pills and his Boxes,
 From patching of Authors to curing of Poxes.

Up H——t starts, and cries, Look ye here
Une Nouvelle Traduction, that cuts down *Dacier*;
 For *de Metre* let Bent——y and H——t fight *de Quarrel*,

De Frenchman, begar, shall shew ye de Morale.
 What Moral, you Dog, cry'd the Court, in a Pet?
 Did ever a Critic turn Moralist yet?
 O'er-vanquish'd Librarians we challenge our Praise;
 Let L——y write Morals, or the M——r of C——s,
 With that they untruss'd the bold Critic of *Paris*,
 And gave him the *Nerle*, but over his bare A——e

The Smart of the Discipline damp'd his Pretensions;—
 So he scour'd off to Whist with his Cully *P—ns*;
 At length the *Vice Can*, with his three *Pseudo-Squires*,
 Walks in, and the Cause of the Tumult requires;
 For Men of the Gown such Department's not fitting;—
 Nor know I a Statute for any such Meeting.
 The Judge smil'd at the Joke, and the Squabble to settle,
 Cry'd, 'Faith, let's decree this stern *Cato* the *Nettle*;
 He alone the true critical Notions hath hit;
 For his Edicts declare much Spite, and no Wit.

*A (a) DIALOGUE between W—m P—k—n,
 Player, and H—S—, Poet.*

P. (b)  OW now, (c) Friend S—, why so melancholy?

You're always us'd to be alert and jolly.

S. (d) You know my clever (e) Talent at inditing,
 Some Verses on my (f) Cousin I've been writing.

P. (g) Some Verses, Sir! (h) I wish you a good Night
 But hold, — pray, lend 'em me, I must go sh—te.

NOTES on the foregoing DIALOGUE.

(a) The Word Dialogue is deriv'd from the Greek Word *Διάλογος*, which signifies a Discourse between two or more Persons. The shorter this Discourse is, with an impertinent Poet, the better.

(b) The Author, no doubt, in this *Exordium*, had an Eye to a Dialogue among the Satires of *Horace*, which begins thus, *Unde et quo Catus?* Or, perhaps, to these Words of *Terence*, *Ehem! quid tristis es?*

(c) Reader, beware of being led into a Mistake here, Mr. P—k—n does not call Mr. S— Friend in a serious, but a jocular Manner; for such Poets as Mr. S— can be no Friends to Players.

(d) Here my Pupil *Horace* must be a Party in the Dialogue, and speak thus, *Nunc satis est dixisse ego mira poemata pango.*

(e) Happy had it been for poor starving C—l, if this Talent of thine had ever been hid in a Napkin: *Sed tenet insanabile multos, heu nimium multos scribendi Cacoethes.*

(f) *Enfrontem Nebulonis! en centuplex es!* For above six Weeks together I have been searching into several hundreds of MSS. and printed Books in the Herald's Office, and after infinite Pains and Care, I don't find that either this saucy Poetaster is deriv'd from the Original Stem of the antient *S—es*, or the corrupted Branch of the Modern *S—g—es*, *Tune Furcifer?* Are you a Cousin to the great *L—d S—e?* No, Sirrah, you are descended from *Bavius* or *Mavius*, or some such of the Poets, who were the Plague and Infamy of the Age they liv'd in. *Merum Pecus es.* You are a mean Scribler, in the Judgment of *Myself*, and every other learned and judicious Critic.

(g) How have I perplex'd my Brains to find out whether these Words, Some Verses, Sir, should be wrote with a Note of Exclamation or Interrogation? At one time I thought they should be read as these exclamatory Interjections in *Terence*, *Ridiculum! Monstrum! Facinus fœdum!* &c. At another time I judg'd they ought rather to be stopp'd like interrogatory Expressions of this Sort, *Quid sibi vult Homo? Tune ineptus es? Satin' sanus es?* &c. After a long Contest with myself, I fix'd upon the interrogatory Note, and *I am sure I am right.*

(h) Mr. *P—k—n* found an easier Way of shaking off his Impertinent, than my Pupil above-mention'd. Poor *Horace!* it was a whole Day, that thou wast teased, before the Catchpole seasonably interposed to give thee thy Freedom, and take thy Enemy Prisoner. Not but our *P—k—n* might have met with Deliverance from a like friendly Hand, if he had been costive enough to have read over the Verses.

It is well observed of *Beroalzarius* in his Fifth Book *de Rebus naturalibus*, that, *Nil tam inutile videtur, ut non aliquando utile fiat.*

Reader, take your Pen, and blot out the last Letter in the Word *sbite*: the true Reading is *sbit*. The Word here is the Present Tense of the Infinitive Mood of the Verb *sbit*, which is not formed into *sbite*, but *sbit*, as the most accurate Critics, Grammarians, and Etymologists agree. — But bold, as Mr. *P—k—n* says, *reclamant Poete*, you spoil the Rhyme, say they: It must be *sbite*, *Rythmi Gratia*. But, *I say*, let the Rhyme be spoil'd; *it shall not be sbite*, tho' the Poets bawl their Hearts out. What have I to do with Poets, but to chastise and correct them? Even *Horace* himself, without my Corrections, would not be worth a Fart.

~~THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE NAMES OF THE POETS WHOSE NAMES ARE MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE VERSES.~~

On a THANKSGIVING, which happen'd just before LENT.

By Dean SWIFT.

IN Rome, of Old, a Custom it hath been

A Carnival to hold, e'er Lent begin:

Th'ensuing Fast Attonement makes for all

The Heat and Madness of the Carnival.

Is Dublin chang'd to Rome? What else is meant

By the Thanksgiving just preceeding Lent?

What I must we first give Thanks? — and then repent?

Rules

Rules and Directions for Behaviour at Bath, by general Consent determin'd.

1. **T**HAT a Visit of Ceremony at coming to *Bath*, and another at going away, is all that is expected or desired by Ladies of Quality and Fashion, — except Impertinents.

II. That Ladies coming to the Ball appoint a Time for their Footmen's coming to wait on them Home, to prevent Disturbances and Inconveniencies to themselves and others.

III. That Gentlemen of Fashion never appearing in a Morning, before the Ladies, in Gowns and Caps, shew Breeding and Respect.

IV. That no Person take it ill, that any one goes to another's Play or Breakfast, and not to theirs — except captious by Nature.

V. That no Gentleman give his Tickets for the Ball to any but Gentlewomen.
N. B. Unless He has none of his Acquaintance.

VI. That Gentlemen crowding before the Ladies at the Ball shew ill Manners; and that none do so for the future, except such as respect Nobody, but themselves.

VII. That no Gentleman or Lady take it ill, that another dances before them; except such as have no Pretence to dance at all.

VIII. That the elder Ladies and Children be contented with a second Bench at the Ball, as being past, or not come to Perfection.

IX. That all Whisperers of Lies and Scandal be taken for their Authors.

X. That all Repeaters of such Lies and Scandal be shunn'd by all Company; ~~except~~ such as have been guilty of the same Crime.

N. B. Several old Women, and young Ones of questioned Reputation, are great Authors of Lies in this Place.



The Art of Thriving at Bath: Or, The Way to get Fifty Shillings by Eight Pennyworth of Mustard-Seed.

I HAVE been an Inhabitant of this Town above Thirty Years, and have try'd manifold Ways to get Money; from whence I conclude, that Observations and Advice, founded on such Experience, will not be thought an unpardonable Impertinence.

In the Course of this Time, nothing hath been more notorious than a *Triennial Itch*, that happened to the *Freemen*: Once in about Three Years they wou'd murmur and assemble, in order to prosecute the *intruding Strangers*, and at the beginning of this Convention, great was the Noise thereof! But it always declin'd as the Sun got Ground upon the long Evenings. The Cause, without Doubt, was highly laudable; for to support a Right, or defend the Oppressed, are worthy Motives to Law; but whether it was a particular Fate, or bad Management, that it always proved abortive, I will not pretend to determine; my present Design being only to point out a *more easy, a more certain, and less expensive Scheme*, as well as at the same Time, the *most infallible Way to Thrive at BATH*. There is a Juggle carry'd on between *some Tradesmen*, and *Servants*, in this Town, which hath been the Source of all the Evils the *Freemen* complain of; I mean that base Practice POUNDAGE. I had once an Inclination to set forth its *Original*, and all the *great Proficients* that have been expert in this Way; how it was introduced hither by *Servants drove to Need by hard Bargains*, or pretending so, who claim'd it as their *Right*, in Lieu of *deficient Wages*; how hard it was at first to induce the *Old fashion'd Servants* to take it, who believed it inconsistent with an *English Heart* and a good Conscience. I remember when it was perilous to offer one of those any such Gratuity; at least his Answer would be, *Would you tempt me to Rob my Master? You are a pretty Dog to keep Shop!* Those indeed of a *sneaking Disposition*, nibbled at it privately for some Time, but when discovered, the *TRADER* was look'd upon as a *CHEAT*, the *SERVANT* a *Rogue*, and the *MASTER* a *F—l*. But as *Luxury* and *Effeminacy* supplanted the honest blunt *Roughness* of the *Old English*, this Collusion in the Year Twenty, became Epidemical, and hath been in *bigb Vogue* ever since. Nothing hath contributed to the Increase of Shops like this *Legerdemain*; for it is so easy to set up *Two or Three Cannisters*, a few *Bunches of Candles*, *Sugar-Loaves*, *Glasses*, *China*, *Dram-Bottles*, &c. and such pretty Profit arises therefrom, when *well-managed*, that it is very extraordinary there are so few of the *Profession*. I do not limit it to this Sort of Business only, for all other *Trades* have Managers, in *this Way*, belonging to it; and there are none so clever when set up, as *Servants* that have lived in various Places; they know how to *gild the Pill* for every Palate, and never fail to secure the *Caterer* of the Family.

Family. I wou'd not be suppos'd to recommend what follows for any innate *Virtue* there is in it, or for any *Quality* it has that will intitle it's *Votaries* to the *Mercy of Heaven*; but only to shew how easy it is to confound these *Understrappers of TRADE*, by their own *Devi-ces*. To proceed then upon the Foot of Reason and Experience, as far as my Capacity will permit, the *Mystery* of the Matter is this: The *Tradesman* being set up in the Man-ner before described, he must keep a pretty *Nagg*, for the *Managers of Families* are to be sought after as well on the *ROAD*, as in *Town*; and in his first *Addresses*, he must treat up to the *Height of Extravagance*; tell of the great *Families* he has the Honour to serve, and offer the greatest *Encouragement for Custom*; which seldom fail. But if, peradventure a *Family* shou'd, by great *Chance*, arrive in *Town*, without being accosted on the *Highway*, the *Purveyor*, as soon as possible, meets his *Acquaintance*, and desires to be advised to proper *Traders*: His Friend naturally tells him of such a one in that Part of the *Town*, or such a one in this, who have lived in *Service*, and understand *TRAF* better than the Rest; which, with a few more Hints, he easily finds, where he signifies his *Wants* and his *Expectation* of the customary *Usage*; the *Trader* replies, That we may have no *Misunderstanding*, do you re-quire *DOUBLE* or *SINGLE POUNDAGE*? If the *Servant* happens to be a *Novice*, the *Me-CHANICK* must farther explain Himself. Pray, does your Master ever trouble his Head with *Tradesmen's Bills*? Sir, replies the other, My Master is a Man of as much *Generosity and Honour* as any in the Kingdom, and never meddles with such low-life Stuff; if ever he does look on such a Thing, it is only at the Bottom, to see what it comes to. The *Retailer*, with a composed *Countenance* says, These are the *Gentry Tradesfolks* may live by, therefore you shall have *DOUBLE POUNDAGE*, that is, Two Shillings out of every Pound you lay out with me: I'll take care to Make the Bills, and do You take care of the *Payments*. Another comes and complains of his *Mistress*, how she hunts the *Town* for *Bargains*; and when she hears of any *Body*, that sells cheaper than you, there is no living in the *House*. This makes the young *Counterpart* sweat; to sell cheap, and pay *Poundage* too, can never hold long. But an old *Conjuror* wou'd laugh at it; he'd satisfy the *Servant*, 'twas no Odds, he could as well raise the *Poundage* one way as t'other, and there was nothing in this *Difficulty*, but to charge in Price under every *Body*, and increase in *Quantity*. A Third comes, My Master is going To-Morrow, I must have the Bill this Minute (which amounts to 3 l. 13 s. 4 d.) Damn the Thirteen-and-Fourpence, says the faithful *Servant*, write it over again, and make it Four Pound: I won't lose my *Poundage* for any Master in England.

Now, upon this Footing, how easy is it to get Money? First, there is no Fear of losing a Debt, for *Poundage* secures that: Secondly, no Need of *Dunning*, for *Poundage* saves that Time and Trouble: Thirdly, no Concern about being call'd to Account for any inad-vertent or wilful Mistake, for *Poundage* covers ALL. Surely this must facilitate Trade, and make it very agreeable. In my early Years, I entertain'd such a Notion of this Prac-tice, thro' the Prejudice of Education, and some Expositions upon the Eighth and Tenth Commandments, that I forswore it, and have since lost many a Noble Chap by this rash Resolution of my Youth; but on the other Hand, have got the Custom of several Honest Servants, who wou'd scorn the Greatest *Gratuity*, to betray their Trust. I have been offer'd 30 per Cent. beyond my usual Profit, to allow *Single Poundage*, which is but 5 per Cent; and have expostulated with them, how they could manage their Masters Money in so treacherous a Way? Who have as readily answer'd, 'Twas by their Master's Knowledge; that while they were at BATH, they were liable to great Expences, by often meeting their Ac-quaintance, therefore 'twas allow'd them; — and by the By, a Pocket full of Money, and Company-keeping, are wonderful Expedients towards the Reformation of Manners in Servants.

But to conclude, I will venture, for once, to give Advice, upon what has been premised, which, if follow'd, will infallibly answer the End propos'd: — Let there be a Law made among all the Fair Traders of the City, That no Body shall apply for the *Custom of the Stranger* out of their Shops; then whosoever does, especially on the ROAD, will be known to be a *Poundage-Man*. Now if the *Gentry* do really know and connive at this Method of having their Pockets pick'd, it will appear by encouraging a Trade with these Sort of People; which if it should happen, every Body afterwards should be at Li-berty to make the most of their Time, to hang out the Great Dram-Bottle, with POUNDAGE wrote in large Characters round it, and to allow it in the greatest Latitude imaginable, which will cramp the Measures of all your Invaders, and be an infallible Way to Thrive, as will appear by the Receipt of the Mustard-Seed, which is very easy and obvious.

The Receipt of the Mustard-Seed.
TAKE Eight Pennyworth of *Mustard-Seed*, pulverize it, and mix it with *Hot Bath Water* to a *Pap Consistence*. This Preparation, sold by the *Little Spoon*, under the *Economy of POUNDAGE*, will produce *Fifty Shillings*. *Probatum est.*

Publish'd, in order to expose a most abominable *FRAUD*, as also to open the Eyes of the *Blind*, that they may see what supports their Servants *Extravagance*, as well at the *Gaming-Table* as the *Tippling-House*.

BATTLE-ROYAL, revised. A BALLAD. Occasion'd by Religious Controversy.

A Dean and Prebendary had once a new Vagary,

And were at doubtful Strife, Sir, who led the better Life, Sir,

And was the better Man.

The Dean he said, that truly, since Preb was so unruly,

He'd prove it to his Face, Sir, that he had the most Grace, Sir,

And so the Fight began.

When Preb reply'd like Thunder, and roar'd out 'twas no Wonder,

Since Gods the Dean had three, Sir, and more by two than he, Sir,

For he had got but one.

Now whilst these two were raging, and in Dispute engaging,

The Master of the Charter cry'd, both had caught a Tartar,

For Gods, Sir, there were none.

That all the Books of *Moses* were nothing but supposes,

And he deserv'd Rebuke, Sir, who wrote the *Pentateuch*, Sir,

'Twas nothing but a Sham.

And as for Father *Adam* and Mrs. *Eve* his Madam,

And what the Serpent spoke, Sir, 'twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,

And well-invented Flam.

Thus in this Battle-royal, as none wou'd take Denial,
 The Dame for whom they strove, Sir, cou'd neither of 'em love, Sir;
 For all had giv'n Offence.
 She therefore, sily waiting, left all three Fools a prating,
 And being in a Fright, Sir, Religion took her flight, Sir,
 And ne'er was heard of since.

*Verfes laid on Sir CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL's Tomb, in
 Westminster Abbey, &c.*

AS Lambeth pray'd, so was the dire Event,
 Else we had wanted here a Monument,
 That to our Fleet kind Heav'n wou'd be a Rock;
 Nor did kind Heav'n the wise Petition mock:
 To what the Metropolitan did pen,
 The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, *Amen.*

On Tate and Brady's Psalm.

IN Hebrew Times, when *Israel's* Faith was strong,

Great were the Vertues of Poetic Song;

Saul's evil Spirit *David's* Harp obey'd,

The King was easy, whilst the Psalmist plaid:

But now the Force of Poetry is chang'd,

And *David's* Sense from *David's* Words estrang'd:

When *Tate* and *Brady* touch the sacred Strings,

The Madness seems the Psalmist's, not the King's.

On a Person's pronouncing the Syllable Phra, in Euphraten, short.

VENIT ad Euphraten, fluvio perterritus haesit;
Quo bene transfret, corripuit fluvium.

On a certain Arch in Oxfordshire.

THE Arch the Height of his Ambition shews,
The Stream beneath it like his Bounty flows.

Verses stuck on the Gate of Jesus College, Oxford, with a Piece of Cheese.

OLD *Hugo Price*
Built this College

For the *Welsh Geese*,

Who're *Shirking Freece*

All full of *Lice*,

***** Eat roasted *Cheese*, *****

All but one *Piece*,

Look, here it is.

The Receipt.

IF Leeks you like; but do their Smell dislike,

Eat Onyons, and you shall not smell the Leek;

If you of Onyons wou'd the Scent expell,

Eat Garlick, that shall drown the Onyon's Smell;

But against Garlick's Savor, at a Word,

I know but one Receipt, and that's a T——d.

On PHYLIS.

PHYLLIS has a gentle Heart,
Willing to the Lover's courting,

Wanton Nature, all the Art

To direct her in her sporting;

In the Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,

All is real Inclination;

No false Raptures in the Bliss,

No feign'd sighing in the Passion,

But oh! who the Charms can speak?

Who the thousand Ways of toying?

When she does the Lover make,

All a God in her enjoying.

Who the Limbs that round him move,

And constrain him to the Bliss,

Who the Eyes that swim in Love,

Or the Lips, that suck in Kisses,

Oh! the Freaks, when mad his grows,

Raves all wild with the possessing,

Oh! the silent Trance, which shews

The Delight above expressing,

Ev'ry Way she does engage,

Idly talking, speechless lying,

She transports me with her Raptures,

And she kills me with her Idling.

Have you not in La Chimney seen, &c. Translated.

Humida nativo Virgulta recentia succo
 Suscipiunt invita Focis injecta Calorem;
 Sudant et strident, lacrimas hinc, inde profundunt;
 Haud alios patitur pudibunda Puella Dolores,
 Quam prius intactam pronus reclinat Amator;
 Sed Veneris Matrona sciens, ut Robora sicca
 Ardent, ut Stipulae demptis adolentur Aristis;
 Sponte abit in Flammis, fruturque Libidinis aestu.

The Resolution.

Were I invited to a Nectar Feast
 In Heav'n, and *Venus* nam'd me for her Guest,
 Tho' *Mercury* the Messenger should prove,
 Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;
 At the same Instant let but honest *Tom*
 From *Sylvia's* dear terrestrial Lodging come,
 With Look important, say, *desires at Three*
 Alone — your Company — to drink some Tea —
 Tho' *Tom* were mortal, *Mercury* divine,
 Tho' *Sylvia* gave me Water, *Venus* Wine,
 Tho' Heav'n were here, and *Boon-Street* lay as far
 As the vast Distance of the utmost Star,
 With open Arms to *Sylvia* would I fly,
 Let who wou'd meet the Beauty of the Sky.

A Conflict on Business.

Business, thou Plague and Pleasure of my Life,
 Thou charming Mistress, thou confounded Wife,
 How shall I praise, or blame Thee as I ought?
 Thou'rt very good, yet art Thou good for nought;
 Thou haunt'st me still, and yet I prithee do,
 For tho' I hate thee for't, I love thee too;
 Thou choak'st my feeble Muse and damp'st her Wing,
 Yet but for Thee she'd neither soar nor sing;
 Thou Enemy, thou Friend to Joy, to Grief,
 Thou bring'st me all, thou bring'st me no Relief;
 Thou bitter sweet, thou pleasing, teasing Thing,
 Thou wear'st a Spur 'tis true, but not a Sting;
 Some Respite, prithee do, yet do not give,
 I cannot with thee, nor without thee live.

The Button Hole. A Riddle.

I'M an Hole tho' too narrow when first I am try'd,
 The Thing I was made for will stretch me out wide;
 Tho' at first Entrance, perhaps, I may tease ye,
 Soon after I commonly prove but too easy.
 Tho' I'm nothing but Mouth, no Teeth you can find,
 And tho' always before, I am likewise behind;
 When whimsical Folks would have us'd me quite bare,
 The King, Lords, and Commons took me into their Care,
 Crying out, with one Voice, they wou'd have me with Hair.
 The Members stood to't, and like Creatures bewitcht,
 Said the Nation was lost, if I was not well sticht.

A Mad Song

I'll bark against the Dog Star,
I'll crow away the Morning,
I'll chase the Moon 'till it be Noon,
And I'll make her leave her horning,
But I will find bonny Maud, merry mad Maud,
And look what'er besides her,
For I do love her beneath or above
The dirty Earth this judges her.

I'll crack the Poles asunder, I yet have
Strange Things I will devise on,
I'll break my Brain 'gainst Charles's Wain,
And I'll grasp the round Horizon,
But I will find bonny Maud, &c.

I'll sail upon a Mill-Stone,
I'll make the Sea Gods wonder,
I'll plumb the Deep till I wake all asleep,
And I'll tear the Rocks asunder,
But I will find bonny Maud, &c.

I'll dive as soon to the Damned,
And rebellious Laws I'll teach them,
Neither Sky, Earth, nor Sea, nor Hell shall go free,
Nor the Gods, could I but reach them,

I'll arm myself with Thunder,
I'll rally all my Forces,
The Sun I'll dash, if he tries, to the Heav'n,
Or I'll remove his Horses,
But I will find bonny Maud, &c.

I'll mount the Skies with a Vengeance,
I'll chafe the rainy Weather,
The Rainbow I will drag from the Sky,
And I'll tie both Ends together,
But I will find bonny Maud, &c.

All the Spheres shall play in Concert,
And the Stars shall dance to a Pantomime,
There's one in haste shall girdle my Waste,
And I'll wear it for a Fashion,
But I will find bonny Maud, &c.

The King, Lords, and Commons took me into their Care,
Crying out, with one Voice, they would have me with Hair.

F I N I S

The Members stood to it, and like Creatures bewitch'd,
Said the Nation was lost, if I was not well fix'd.